THE

London Terræfilius:

OR, THE

Satyrical Reformer.

BEING

Drolling Reflections on the VICES and VANITIES OF

Both Sexes.

To be Continu'd.

By the Author of The London-Spy.

Numb. I.

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London Terræfilius:

OR,

The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

I AM one of the Free-Born of the Earth, but neither *Knave*, *Fool*, or *Trimmer*; I renounce all *Parties*, and hate all *Factions*, yet I know the difference between the *Church* and a *Conventicle*; I honour an Honeſt Man, though Born in *Lapland*, and hate a Sanctify'd Rogue, though Bred at *Geneva*; I love my Native Country as a Son ought to do his Parents, but I abominate her *Diviſions*, as a Man ſhould his *Vices*: Let thoſe that have given her the Blows apply a Healing Balſam; for my part I have broken no Heads, therefore I ſhall give no Plaiſters; for ſhould the Wounds Gangreen, the ill-Natur'd World would cry

out upon the Surgeon. Like the God of *Love*, I throw my Darts at Random; but tho' not ſo Blind as the *Boyiſh Deity*, yet I aim at no Body; however, you that have Gaul'd Backs take care of your Sores, for by chance I may make you winch, when I mean not to hurt you. I ſtand upon a high Hill, and extend my Scourge to a great diſtance, for he had need have a clear Proſpect, and a long Whip, that takes the whole World for his Houſe of *Correction:* I hate *Flattery* as a *Punk* does Diſappointment. *Satyr*, at preſent, is my Tallent; for *Stubborn Folly* and *Habitual Vice* muſt be Corrected with Severity, therefore ſtand off *Knave*, have a care *Fool*, fly *Hypocrite*, hide *Harlot*, run *Libertine*, draw *Bully*, skulk *Bawd*, lope *Skellum*, for I am juſt now going to lay about me like a Country *Cudgel-Player*.

Well done, Old *Weather-Cock*, I ſee thou haſt more Cunning in thy Noddle, than ever to die a Martyr for *Religion*, or elſe thou wouldſt never have gone, like a true Supporter of the good Old Cauſe, Forty odd Years to a *Conventicle*; and now, at laſt, like a true *Orthodox Hypocrite*, have received the *Sacrament* in the *Church*, to qualifie thy ſelf for a Place: But, alas! Who can blame a Man of thy Wonderful Moderation, for ſo cloſely following the good Example of thy Betters? *Occaſional Conformity* is the preſent

Badge

Badge of a *Modern Saint*, and he that refuſes to wear it, muſt lay down all outward Pretences to a punctual *Honeſty*, and be number'd amongſt the *Reprobate* inſtead of the *Elect:* Go on and proſper, who knows but ſo Righteous a Brother, that will Pawn his Soul to preſerve the Intereſt of his Body, may, one time or other, purchaſe Salvation with his Riches, or make all ſafe by a piece of Death-Bed Charity, *viz.* In Building an *Alms-Houſe* for decay'd *Hypocrites*, or leaving a large Legacy to the *Blew-Coat-Hoſpital*; or ſurely, were it not for ſuch hopes, no Man would prevaricate with Heaven, that can ſave him, for a little Deceitful Mammon that cannot.

He that two diff'rent ways will take
The Sacrament, for Int'reſt ſake,
Sinks downwards like thoſe careleſs Fools,
That backwards fall between two Stools.

You are Welcome to Town, Sir *Quorum Keebel*, now three Slides tagg'd with two Cringes, and a low Bow, and twice as many Rural Compliments, for the Flattering Kiſs of a *Town-Strumpet*. Farewel Wife and Children for a whole *Eaſter-Term*; high Eating at Noon, a Whore and a Bottle at Night, the ſame repeated *De die in diem et de Nocte in Noctem*, till empty Pockets and a flaming Codpiece force him to Tick

with

with a Son of *Æſculapius*, till his next *Michaelmas* Rents enable him to put the Sign of the Croſs upon a Heatheniſh Catalogue of *Pills*, *Powders*, and *Boluſſes*, by the power of which, when he is patch'd up for the Drudgery of *Matrimony*, then *John* Saddle the Horſes, a ſtirrup Cup with his Brethren in *Iniquity*; and ſo farewel Friends till our next Merry Meeting.

Thus Phillis *Wheedles, by her Charms,*
The Country Cully *to her Arms;*
Quenches one Flame by being kind,
But often leaves a worſe behind.

Why, my dear Laſſes, in ſo much care for *Brimſtone* and *Butter?* For all you expect ſo ſpeedily to have *Highlanders* for your Husbands, you may chance to be miſtaken; for *Scotchmen* will ſcarce be ſo plenty in the heart of the City, as to be bought up by ſtale Exchange Maids: Let the Town Ladies be firſt ſerv'd, who are Unanimouſly agreed to Diſcard their *Iriſh Bullies*, in order to try the Vigorous Effects of *Oatmeal* and hard *Onions*; no doubt but the freckly *Caledonians* will prove rare Stocks to Graft a dry Pox upon; ſo that by the Carnal Mixtification of two Infections, we may chance, in time, to revive the old *Judaick Leproſie*, and then our *Modern Apoſtles* will have a rare Opportunity of trying the purity of their

their Faith by the Gift of *Healing*; and that Branch of the *Proteſtant Church* that can ſhew they have the power, ought, by the reſt in my Opinion, to be acknowledg'd only *Apoſtolical*.

Let no Man Squabble, Scratch, and Fight,
About whoſe Faith or Path is right;
But let our Righteous Works determine
Who are True Church, *who* Factious Vermin.

Pray, behold the Maritime Deportment of Captain *Crampos*, King of a Wooden-World, Laden with Sugars from *Barbadoes*, what a Bottle Noſe, and a pair of *Trumpeter*'s Cheeks the *Triton* has puff'd up this laſt Voyage, by Virtue of *Iriſh* Beef, Mouldy Bisket, Rum-Punch, and a Lazy-Life. See how he Straddles as he Walks, as if, for fear of loſing his way between *Wappin* and the *Change*, he had put the Binacle in his Codpiece, that by peeping at the Compaſs, he might ſteer his Courſe by Land as he does by Water. Hark how he blows as he waddles, like a Monſtrous *Leviathan* juſt riſen to the Surface. Pray obſerve his Hat, you may ſee by its ſhape it always ſtands in the ſame Cock it borrow'd firſt from the Band-Box. What a Tremendious Weapon Guards his Larboard Flitch, tuck'd up Elbow high, like the bread Sword of a *Scotch Highlander*; I'll wartant there's

as

as much Silver in the Hilt as would make a two Quart Tankard, and enough Steel in the Blade to ſet up a Topping *Razor-maker*; his Buſineſs is over upon *Change*, he has juſt taken leave of his Owners, and is now ſteering his Courſe to a *Wappin Muſick-Houſe*, where a *Fiddle* makes him a *Fool*, and *Punch* a *Madman*, and then leading aſide the *Whore* that has Danc'd beſt, he runs the hazard of an *Amphibeous Pox*, got part by Land, and part by Water; and when he has thus at once cool'd his *Lechery*, fir'd the Rudder of his *Affections*, and added a freſh pair of Horns to one of his own Fraternity, he ſtaggers Home as Great as the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, and becomes a Generous *Cully* to his Short-Pot Landlady.

On Board he Proudly bears Command,
But to his Owners creeps by Land;
At Sea a Monarch, but on Shore
A Cully to each Wappin *Whore.*

Nay, nay, when a Handſome *Gager* ſhall be catch'd Kiſſing a *Brewer*'s Wife, the Queen's *Exciſe* is likely to be well paid; ſtand to't Madam, or I doubt his ſliding Rule will be much too ſhort to diſcover the profundity of ſo deep a Veſſel, and without that 'twill be a hard matter to give the Contents of the Cavity: Never fear, Young Man, but go on boldly with your

your Buſineſs, it is no diſparagement to be baffled in the Menſuration of a Cask, that would puzzle the whole Office to find the bottom of; but whatever you do have a care of the Surviſor, whoſe Buſineſs it is to Gage after the Officer; for if once he catches you tampering with Concealments, you muſt bring him in for a Snack, and let him take the hot Worts in the Ladies boiler for a Bribe, or elſe he'll go near to report your foul Practice to the Board, to the loſs of your Employment.

But Man ſhould wink when he eſpies
A Woman's weak Infirmities.
A Gen'rous Mind would rather ſhare
The Pleaſure, than expoſe the Fair.

Well trudg'd, Mr. *Lovelaw*; I know him notwithſtanding he has lugg'd his Coney-Wooll Umbrello over his Eyes, to hide the Malice of his Countenance; I dare engage by his *Penny-Poſt-Man*'s Shuffle, he is juſt now Trotting in haſte down to *Weſtminſter*, in order to give new Life to ſome Lerigeous Old Cauſe, that has been bandy'd about the *Hall* from *Court* to *Court* this ſeven Years: 'Tis a ſtrange thing that ſuch a Niggardly Curmudgeon, who has ſcarce Liberality enough to Treat his own ſtarv'd

Carcaſe with Two-penny-worth of *Fee-Lane Chitterlins*, ſhould dive ſo willingly into his Ruſty Hoards, and ſcatter his Old Gold ſo profuſely amongſt the *Lick-Pennies* of the *Law*, to gratifie his Revenge againſt any Neighbour that offends him. *Honeſty* will never be at Eaſe, or *Innocence* duly Protected, till ſuch Old Miſerly *People-Plaguers* are whip'd out of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, as the *Money-Changers* us'd to be out of the *Temple*: But I doubt ſuch Juſtice will ſcarce be put in practice, till *Aſtrea* returns from *Heaven*, and the Tormentors of the *Publick* from their Burthenſome Numbers, ſhall be reduc'd and limitted to a moderate Complement.

Unhappy Soil, where Tares and Weeds
Obſtruct the growth of Gen'rous Seeds;
Sow what you will, there's nothing riſes
But Wrangling Knaves, *and Factious* Niſies.

There goes a Demure Lady for ye; a true down-look'd Daughter of the *Low-Church*; yet, tho' ſhe treads ſo Preciſely, and looks ſo Parſimoniouſly, ſhe has a hitch in her Gate that makes her often ſtumble backwards, in ſpite of the *Law* and the *Prophets*. She is juſt now come from Holy Exerciſe, and is creeping ſlighly after the Oracle of her

her *Faith*, for a little Chamber Conſolation, not fit to be made known in *Gath*, or publiſh'd in *Askalon*; there will be wonderful ſtrugling by and by between the Fleſh and the Spirit, yet when both are Sighingly reconcil'd, and the Amorous Conteſt brought to a Silent Concluſion, ſhe can return Home a moſt Inſpir'd *Hypocrite*, with a large Portion of ſaving Grace, and a ſound Conſcience; and licking her Lips, like *Solomon*'s *Harlot*, repeat to her Dear *Cuckold*, the edifying Fragments of ſuch a Soul-piercing Lecture, ſufficient to make the Sanctify'd *Buck* depend upon his Wife's Merits for his own Salvation. Well done, Holy Siſter, thou haſt a true Title to the right hand of *Satan*, for if any thing, upon Earth, is more Deceitful than the *Devil*, 'tis a *Female Hypocrite*.

The Pious Dame with Formal Face,
Who Talks of nothing but of Grace,
Cannot with all her Zeal withſtand
The Holy Force of Cloak and Band.

Here comes a Neat Prim Fellow for you, with a *Narciſſus* Countenance, a Shape ſo Amiable, and all his *Frenchify'd* Habiliments ſo nicely Regular, as if the whole Figure was a piece of *Salmon*'s Wax-work, and

only borrow'd its Motion from the Artful Contrivance of ſome Ingenious *Clock-maker*; yet is that Effeminate Skeleton of a *Beau*, that Piſſle-waſted Thingum of a *Prodigal*, Maintain'd in that Equipage you ſee by a Beautiful Lady at the other end of the Town, under the Curſe of a Crooked Husband, on purpoſe to mend the Breed of a Bandy-leg'd Family, though to little effect, for the Children hitherto have all ſtep'd into the World with Duck-Legs, and Hump-Shoulders, in ſpite of the Mother's care to prevent the Misfortune; but to ſhow Nature's Generoſity, they want no Wit to ballance their Deformity; therefore I adviſe the Lady to diſcard her *Lap-Dog*, and to keep cloſe to her Old *Æſop*, for it is a greater Bleſſing to have Crooked Children with ſound Intellects, than a Litter of Streight-Limb'd Puppies without Brains.

You therefore that have Pigmy Spouſes,
And fear that Dwarfs ſhould fill your Houſes,
Ne'er chuſe a Fool to mend the Curſe,
His want of Brains may bring a worſe.

You that hate Impertinence, pray put your ſelves upon your Guard, for here comes ſuch a Talkative Dogmatical piece of a Snarling

Snarling *Philoſopher*, that will empty the fulleſt *Coffee-Houſe* about Town, with his *Eſſences* and *Entities*, in half the time that an Expert *Gold-finder* can a *Houſe-of-Office*. He Boxes one about with *Ariſtotle*; Knocks down another with *De'ſcartes*; Cuffs a third about with *Malebranch*; Thumps a fourth with *Epictetus*; Mauls a fifth with *Epicurus*; Dabs a ſixth with *Lucretius*; and ſo on till he has ſwept away the Company as clean as the frightful Intelligence of a *Reforming Conſtables* approaches, does the Trembling *Whores* out of a Noted *Bawdy-Houſe*: He is never without a *Boatſwain*'s Hoarſeneſs, from his inceſſant Talking, and wears a new Coat out at Elbows in a Weeks time with Jogging others to hear him. His Face is a Compound of half *Vizard*, and half *Hedge-Hog*, for the lower part is always fortify'd with long Briſtles, and the upper looks as if it was frightfully imbelliſh'd with Artificial Uglineſs. He ſeldom appears without a Calves-skin Companion in his Pocket, which he holds no Scandal to leave for his Reckoning, ſince the Wiſeſt of the *Apoſtles* (according to his own Comment) was driven to the like ſhift when he left his Cloak at *Trois*.

Much Talk, and that profoundly Silly,
Is ſuch a Plague: 'Tis hard to tell-ye,
Which is moſt tireſome in a Room,
A noiſie Coxcomb, or a Drum.

Pray obſerve that ſhort *Dutch* Buttock'd Lady there, with huge *Iriſh* Dugs, as big as a Cows after Calving; that neceſſary Evil of a Wife, though of an humble Stature, yet does ſhe ſo wonderfully abound in Tail-Tongue and Udder, that notwithſtanding her Husband is a Man of Exquiſite Parts, and has Eloquence and Courage enough to ſpeak boldly in the preſence of a *Lord-Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*, yet he dare no more try a wrangling *Cauſe*, or diſpute one point of *Supremacy* with her, than he dare take a *Tyger* by the Tail, or a *Lyon* by the Beard; her Word in the Family is an irrevokable Law, his an unregarded Trifle; ſhe's always in the right, he always in the wrong; when ſhe Scolds like a *Devil*, he liſtens like a *Job*; ſhe Governs like a *Semiramis*, and he Obeys like a *Ninus*. *Nouns*, Jack, ſays a Bottle Companion, *how art able to bear it? Adsfleſh*, replies the other, *how am I able to help it? Why doſt not Kick her into better Manners? That's the way to be Poyſon'd. Blood, Knock her on the Head; That's the way*

to

to be Hang'd. Send the Termagant to a Mad-House; *I can keep her for one half of the Money at Home, and make much of my self with the other. Then allow her a separate Maintainance; No, no, I have a Cheaper way to make both easie, I keep my Money from her, and give her Toleration to say and do as she pleases; for it is more Policy to Countenance what we are forc'd to suffer, than to Punish what we cannot help, but by Remedies worse than the Disease; for by this means I obtain the Character of an Indulgent Husband, and she the Censure of being the Devil of a Wife; so that I have all the Praise to ballance my Misfortune, and she all the Blame to punish her Disobedience.* I think the Gentleman goes the right way to make the best of a Bad Market; for to Tame a *Shrew*, or bring a *Whore* to be Honest, are such *Herculean* Labours, that require *Sampson*'s Strength, *Solomon*'s Wisdom, *Herod*'s Cruelty, and *Job*'s Patience, for a powerful Arm, discreet Management, hard Usage, and length of Time, will be all found Necessary in so difficult an Enterprize, and, perhaps, at last our utmost Endeavours may prove but ineffectual. Therefore you that have good Wives Cherish 'em, and you that have bad ones, give 'em their way, and, perhaps, one time or other they may happily Hang themselves in their own Garters.

For

For he that does (alas) propoſe
To Tame a Shrew *with Words or Blows,*
But Labours to improve his Curſe,
And makes the Beldam *ten times worſe.*

There goes as Arrant a *Knave* as ever was ſpew'd out of the Fag-end of St. *Giles*'s into an *American Plantation*, yet he ſays as formal a Grace over a half-penny Rowl, as Mr. *Simon Orthodox*, when Chaplain to the *Church-Wardens*, beſtows upon a Pariſh Feaſt. I need not tell you he's an *Independent Pawn-Broker*, you may read his Trade in his Countenance; for the Lines and Wrinkles of his Face, makes his Phiz look like a Table of *Intereſt*, computed at Fifty *per Cent.* That Fellow, I'll warrant him, knows to a Spoon or two how much Plate there is in the Pariſh he Lives in, for, by common Report, it is always Travelling through his Mercenary Hands, in order to ſupply thoſe Contingent Neceſſities, which his Damn'd Extortion in the end much rather encreaſes. He's as well known to all the *Lord-Mayors* and *Recorders* the City has had this thirty Years, as the Man that blows the Horn is to the *Temple-Students*, for ſcarce a *Seſſions* paſſes, but, for his Rogues Tricks, he has ſome Buſineſs or other at the *Old-Baily*.

Were

Were he to Build an *Hoſpital* for all the poor Families he has help'd to Beggar in his time, it could not be much leſs than *Chelſea-Colledge*; but all the Good Actions of his Life might be Regiſter'd upon his Thumb-Nail, in large Characters. Contrary to all Juſtice he foreclоſes the Equity of Redemption at the Termination of one Year, and Sells other Peoples Goods, in ſpite of Law, to his own Advantage, without accounting for the Overplus. Thoſe that are able to grapple with him, make him ſometimes ſmart for his *Knavery*; yet ſuch Injuſt'd Numbers, either through want of Money to do themſelves Juſtice, or an unwillingneſs to expoſe their Tickliſh Reputations, have ſo patiently ſubmitted to his baſe Extortion, and other Villanous Abuſes, that he has pick'd up an Eſtate almoſt as large as his Conſcience, and is in great hopes of being made a Governour of the *Blue-Coat-Hoſpital*, to the Eternal Scandal of that big-Belly'd Honour ſo much Reverenc'd by the City.

When Broking Knaves, *that get their Wealth*
As bad as thoſe that live by Stealth,
To Honours riſe, it is a Sign,
Rogues *Thrive, and* Honeſt Men *Decline.*

Pray mind Ruby-fac'd Quality yonder, that is ſwimming Home in her Chair, like a Sick-Woman in a Horſe-Litter; ſhe has juſt now taken her leave of the Ladies *Punch-Club*, near St. *James*'s, and as ſoon as her *Cathedral Slaves* have ſhot their Burthen into the Entry, and deliver'd her ſafe into the Hands of her *Chamber-Maid*, ſhe'll be ſo mightily troubled with the *Vapours*, that her Confident, Mrs. *Betty*, without the help of a *Footman*, will have much ado to hand her into her Bed-Chamber, where, it's ten to one, before ſhe gets Undreſt, but ſhe tumbles into an *Epilepſie*; yet, in reſpect to her Quality, and that ſhe may give good Examples to her Family, leſt they ſhould grow as Wicked as herſelf, ſhe has Built a Famous Repoſitory for her Godly Books, where ſhe pretends to Pray twice a Day, and Faſt twice a Week; but the *Butler* that now and then makes bold to take a Kiſs of the *Chamber-Maid*, obſerves that Mrs. *Betty* ſeldom comes down Stairs from her Lady, upon the Days of her *Devotion*, but her Breath ſmells ſo fragrant of *Lemmon-Zeſt*, and *Nutmeg*, that he verily believes the reſt of the Ingredients are never wanting upon thoſe Religious Occaſions, and that Madam drinks to her Maid a Cup of *Concealment*, that a familiar participation of the good Creature may

may oblige her Confident to a more punctual Secreſie.

Thus thoſe who Ride in Chairs and Coaches
Will have their Vices and Debaunchees:
Like us they Sin, but with more Caution,
And Cloak their Failings with Devotion.

Your Servant, Doctor *Harlequin Paramount:* There goes an Old *Herculean* Labourer in the Goſpel, for you, who would have Cuff'd a *Cuſheon*, or Box'd a *Carman*, in his younger Days, with e'er a *Pembrook*'s Chaplain in *Chriſtendom*. No wonder, for he laid down his Sword, and ſtrip'd of his Buff-Doublet, to wrap himſelf up in a warm Gown and Caſſock, and leap'd at once, not *Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire*, but out of the *War-Saddle* into the *Peaceful-Pulpit*; and ever ſince, to ſhow himſelf a true Lover of *Equity* and *Good Conſcience*, he has haunted the *Court of Chancery* after ſo Terrible a manner, as if he could neither *Pray* without an *Injunction*, or *Preach* without a *Decree*. He has been a rare Artiſt in his time at the Anatomizing of *Epiſcopacy*; and though a Grave *Presbyter* to look at, yet has he lately taken as Undutiful Pains to expoſe the *Arcanas* of the *Church*, as *Nero* did to deſect the Secrets of his *Mother*; which

 makes

makes some People think that the Doctor has as much reason to wonder how he came into the Pulpit, as the Tyrant had to examine how he came into the World. Besides his *Trinity* of *Qualifications*, *Soldier*, *Lawyer*, and *Divine*, he has an extraordinary Talent in *Ecclesiastical Comedy*, in which he Lashes his Brethren with as much Severity, as ever *Bushby* did a dull *Scholar*, or a Peremptory *Prattle-Box* the *Whore of Babylon*, in a *Conventicle*. So, in Reverence to his Grey Hairs, we'll leave him to Repent and be Sav'd, or to Die and be Damn'd, according to his own Doctrine.

When Pastors shall for some Bye-end,
Expose that Church they should defend,
Good Christians well may have a loathing,
To such base Wolves in Shepherd's Cloathing.

Pray take Notice of yonder *Marmolet* Madam, that Trips it along as Maidenly, as if her great Toes had taken the Solemn League and Covenant, never to let Man pass the Milky-way to *Loves*-Paradice without *Church* Security; you see in what Rich Splendour she appears, set off with all the Advantages of an *Alderman*'s only Daughter, and looks as Demurely and Reserv'd, as if just bolted from

from a *Conventicle*; yet is that Angelical Phubſie the very *Lais* of the Age, and has more Subtile Tricks and Contrivances to decoy an Amorous *Call* into her Ruinous Embraces, than the Devil ever us'd in the beginning with the Original of her Sex: Her Age, by her Looks, cannot now be above One and Twenty, yet has that Extravagant Baggage ſent as many Young *Coxcombs* into Her Majeſty's Service, as half a Dozen *Preſs-Conſtables*; for though ſhe ſeems to be made of as tender Mould as the moſt Compaſſionate of her Sex, yet, *Bear* like, ſhe never gets a Man upon the Hug, but ſhe always breaks his Back before ſhe has done with him, *Inuendo*, Ruins him. There is ſcarce a *Goal* about *London*, a *Ship*, or a *Regiment* in the *Government*'s Service, but has a ſturdy *Knight-Errant* in it of her ſending. For ſhe always takes care to ſee the laſt of the *Stock*, and then the *Devil* may take the *Trader*. Though ſhe's Extravagant in her Demands, and Exceſſive in her Expences, yet, as times go, ſhe may be juſtly ſaid to be a *Whore of Moderation*, for ſhe *Trims* it with all *Parties*, and openly owns herſelf, like ſome Body elſe, an *Occaſional-Conformiſt*, when ever it makes for her Intereſt. She often goes to *Church*, to vie Beauty with her Competi-

tors;

tors; but to the *Meeting-House* to pick up a Generous Benefactor; (for the Saints are always kind to their Miſtreſſes) and laſt of all to the *Popiſh-Chappel* to be Sav'd, becauſe they have Charity enough to hold the ſweet Sin of *Fornication* but a Venial Tranſgreſſion, therefore I cannot blame her for putting ſuch Truſt in her *Beads* and her *Croſſes*, ſince moſt ſenſible Sinners are inclin'd to make choice of that *Religion*, which gives 'em the beſt hopes under their greateſt *Infirmities*; therefore *Whores* are as apt to turn *Romans*, as *Knaves Puritans*.

Punks, *like the Nations Trimming Friends,*
Flatter all Sides to gain their Ends:
Self-Int'reſt is the only Party
To which both Whore *and* Knave *are hearty.*

Come hither, Young 'Squire, don't you play the Fool and Hang your ſelf, or take a *Spendthrift*'s Ramble into an *American* Plantation, becauſe your Lady-Mother catch'd you upon her Damask-Bed, Kiſſing her Handſome *Chamber-Maid*; conſider, Youth, ſhe has been Bred up, and liv'd a great while in the Family, and its ten to one but, like a Truſty Confident, has kept as great a Secret for thy Mother before now, or elſe I muſt tell you common Fame is as little

little to be heeded as J——n P——ge's Predictions, therefore pluck up a Courage, and don't ſit ſighing like a Diſconſolate *Amoretto*, but return home like a Dutiful *Penitent*, down of your Marrow-Bones, ask Lady-Mother Pardon, and beſure tell her 'tis the firſt and ſhall be the laſt time of Offending in the like Nature, and you need not doubt of a hearty Reconciliation; for the ſame Submiſſion from thy Mother, not long ſince, brought thy own Father, who had catch'd her in a worſe Fault, to the like Temper of Forgiveneſs; therefore the *Cat* that loves Butter herſelf, will never abandon her *Kitten* for taking a lick at the Cream-Pot.

The Sweets of Love *ſo pleaſant are,*
That Young or Old can ſcarce forbear:
How then can Mother blame her Son,
For what her ſelf ſo oft has done?

That Griſly Old Churl yonder, that looks as Snarling as a Dog over a Marrow-Bone, has been of as many Opinions in his time, as a Man ſhall meet with in *Roſs*'s *View of Religion*. To ſhow the wonderful Benefit the Wavering *Anythingarean* has at laſt reap'd by his long Inquiry, he has now ſtedfaſtly reſolv'd himſelf into the Principles of *Atheiſm*, decrys

decrys the *Scriptures* as a *Fable*, *Futurity* as a meer *Dream*, and all *Religion* to be *Prieſtcraft*: His whole care is for himſelf, and Worldly Felicity, the Center of all his Actions; *Devotion* he terms *Madneſs*, Laughs at all *Piety*, and Ridicules *Conſcience*, as a troubleſome Tyrant of our own forming. He talks very much of *Morality*, as *Puritans* do of *Honeſty*, but never keeps up to the Standard, for he truly ſquares his Life according to his Principles, and in all his Dealings is as Selfiſh as a *Miſer*, and as Crafty as the *Devil*. Much good may do him with his *Serpent*'s Subtilty; but I believe if he would mix it a little more with the Innocency of the *Dove*, he would find more Peace in his Mind, and more Proſperity in his Family; for I would have him remember that tho' *Religion* without *Policy*, is too Simple to be ſafe; yet *Policy* without *Religion*, is too Subtile to be good; and therefore, if he thinks his own Rules ſufficient to Guide him without the reveal'd will of his Creator, as Wiſe and as Rich as he now thinks himſelf, notwithſtanding his Age, he may live to own himſelf a Fool, and to die a Beggar.

For he that has both Wealth and Wit,
And Banters Heav'n that gave him it,

It is but Juſtice in the Donor,
To bring the Rebel *to Diſhonour.*

Is not that a pretty Weather-beaten *Old Beldam* to Marry at Sixty odd Years of Age, a *Young Libertine* of Two and Twenty, and to give him the Power of Gaming away Two Thouſand Pounds in a Twelve-months time, that ought to have been the Patrimony of her four Children? 'Tis a ſtrange thing that a Luſtful Itch ſhou'd lie lurking ſo long in the Superannuated Creviſes of an Old Grannum; and that it ſhould raiſe ſuch an unſeaſonable Rebellion in the Fleſh, when her Teeth are ſhed, her Skin ſhrivel'd into Parchment, and her Guts twiſted with the *Cholick* into untuneable Fiddle-ſtrings. Certainly Old Women have a way of renewing their *Leachery*, by ſcratching their Tails, as the *Eagle* does his Age by whetting his Beak, or elſe it would be impoſſible that ſuch a dry Bak'd Cruſty Old Gammar ſhould be deſirous of an *Amorous Engagement*, when ſhe knows the Tokens of her *Fertility* have been long Exhauſted, and has left her as uſeleſs as old Stubble. I muſt confeſs, I have ſeen an Antient Mud-Wall Tenement new Thatch'd, and it has ſtood the longer for it; but if covering Old Bones

with Young Fleſh, is the way to preſerve an Old Woman from decay, I think the Blockhead ought to run the Gauntlet thro' a Train of Young Ones, that ever makes the Experiment.

For ſhould we waſte our Vig'rous Youth
With Grannums that have ne'er a Tooth,
The Blooming Dam'ſels well may flout us,
To think that they muſt go without us.

Pray mind that Faſhionable *Lover* there, who Treads along the Pav'd Stones in *Fleet-Street*, with as much Grace and Regularity as if he was croſſing a *Dancing-School*. That *Libidinous Coxcomb* of a Creature, is one of thoſe *Inſatiate Lady-mongers*, call'd an *Univerſal Lover*; and has as many *Wanton Females* at his Beck in this *Town*, as a *Country Parſon*'s *Bull* has *Horned Proſtitutes* in his *Parochial Seraglio*. He never comes in Company with any Woman, but he finds ſomething to admire in her; and thinks it a more Glorious Conqueſt to Subdue a *Maidenhead*, than to Take a *Citadel*. He has as much form in his *Courtſhip*, as a *Lawyer* has in a *Declaration*; and as the latter, for want of *Learning*, is often forc'd to uſe Barbarous *Latin*, ſo the former, for want of *Eloquence*, is as often compel'd to uſe Ridiculous

culous *English*. He is a Walking *Phiſiognomiſt*, that peeps more narrowly into every Woman's Face, than a *Moorfields Stargazer* does into an *Eclipſe*; and pretends to diſcover a Ladies Inclinations by her *Occular Planets*, as well as the other can her Fortune by the Influence of her Aſcendant. He is blown up with *Compliments*, as a *Foot-Ball* is with *Wind*, and ſometimes uſes 'em ſo Scurvily, that, like the Leathern Bauble, he deſerves ſoundly to be Kick'd. He is every Woman's Humble Servant till he becomes her Maſter, and no ſooner is he admitted to her Placket, but, by Virtue of Friendly Familiarity, he claims a Title to her Pocket. He numbers up his *Harlots*, as a *Planter* does his *Negroes*, and thinks himſelf as Rich in his *Miſtreſſes*, as the other in his *Slaves*, for both are equally forc'd to ſupport the Grandure of their *Maſters*, or to be Kick'd and Beaten for their Obſtinate Remiſsneſs. He always Lodges in an *Inns-of-Court*, not that he has a Title to the *Law*, but for the Conveniency of *Whoring*, that his *Punks* may have free Paſſage to his Chamber without the Cenſure of a *Landlady*. The Art of *Dreſſing* is his Principal Study, *Strong-Broths* and *Jellies* the chiefeſt of his Food, the *Play-Houſe* his Recreation, and *Fornication* and *Adultery* the only Occupation that

he follows for his Bread. Thus he Lives and Plows on till repeated *Claps*, want of *Money*, and the unkindneſs of his *Miſtreſſes*, will at laſt leave the *Amorous Skeleton* in a Languiſhing Condition, fit only for an *Hoſpital*, or elſe he will have better Luck than moſt of his Fraternity.

For Bullies *who propoſe to Live,*
By Selling what they ought to give,
Deſerve thoſe Plagues that do ſo juſt-
Ly wait on Mercenary Luſt.

Diver-

Divertiſements.

LAST *Monday* Night, between the Hours of Eight and Nine, loſt out of a *Head-Dreſſer*'s Shop, in *Our Fathers Buildings*, by a kind *Female Apprentice*, about Fifteen Years of Age, a certain *Chimerical Rarity* call'd a *Maidenhead*; this is therefore to give Notice to the Publick, That whoſoever has found it, is deſir'd not to cry it in the *Market-Place*, but to return it to the owner the next fair Opportunity, after the ſame manner it was loſt, and for his further Encouragement, if another *Maidenhead* ſhould ſtart up unexpectedly, Madam hereby declares ſhe has a Truſty *Gallant*, who is ready at all times to cover the Shame with *Church-Security*.

There is lately invented by the Colledge of *Vertuoſo*'s, a moſt Excellent and Uſeful Inſtrument, call'd *A Curry-Comb for a* Scotch *Pedlar*; being a rare Pocket-Engine for the preſent Relief of any Patient under that *Teaſing Plague*, the *Caledonian-Leproſie*, it compleatly does the Service of two pair of Hands,

Hands, and if gently apply'd to *Back*, *Belly*, *Hams*, or *Elbows*, will Communicate to the part Afflicted ſuch a pleaſing *Titulation*, that ſhall not only tranſport the Patient into a *Tingling Extaſie*, but plainly demonſtrate, according to *D*—— *F*——'s Aſſertion, That the *Scotch Scrubbado* is no *Curſe*, but a moſt *Princely Bleſſing*. To be Sold by a *Highland Phyſician*, at the Sign of the *Bonnet* and *Bagpipe*, in *Covenant-Lane*, juſt oppoſite to the *Church*; where any Patient may be alſo furniſhed with rare *Brimſtone* and *Butter*, ready made up into Ointment for the ſame *Beggarly Diſtemper*.

Any Young freſh Country Laſs, who, for loſs of her *Lover*, or perhaps her *Virginity*, has lately pop'd into *London*, either in *Coach*, *Waggon*, or on *Pack-Horſe*, from *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, or *South*, if ſhe be Strait-Limb'd, and well Featur'd, ſhall be welcome to Mother *Knab-Cony*'s Houſe, at the Sign of the *Church-Ward'n* and *Baſtard*, in *Shoving-Alley*, near *Moorfields*, where ſhe ſhall be furniſhed with *Gay Apparel*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Waſhing*, *Lodging*, and *Phyſick*; allowing only a moity of her Earnings in Satisfaction thereof, provided ſhe will ſubmit her *Carnal Endeavours* to the Management and Diſcretion of the Reverend Old Matron

above-

abovementionʼd, who promiſes, upon Honour, ſhe ſhall be tenderly usʼd during the time of her Servitude, and be free to remove at a Months warning, from thence to the *Lock-Hoſpital*.

There is lately Publiſhʼd a very Edifying piece of *Soul Saving-Fanaticiſm*, Intituled, *Sin on and be Savʼd: Or, Repent and be Damnʼd: Or, The whole Doctrine of* Chriſtianity *turnʼd* Vice-Verſa, *in a ſhort Lecture, moſt laudably Exhibited at a Holy Meeting of the Saints.* By *Habukkak Makebate*, now *Chaplain in Ordinary* to the *Devils-Broker*; and are to be Sold at the Sign of the *Calves-Head* and *Hatchet*, near the *Round-Heads Old-Stable new Swept*, and by moſt other Bookſellers in *London* of the ſame Kidney, at the *Pyratiſing Price* of one Half-Penny.

In Dock out Nettle: Or, A ſpeedy Cure for the Sting of Conſcience, being a ſticking Plaiſter to be inwardly applyʼd to the Soul of a Sinner, preparʼd only for the Wounded in Spirit. By *Ananias Blunder*, an Underſtrapper in the *Truth*; and is to be Sold only by *Rebecca Pickthank*, next Door to the *Divine-Theatre*, in *Bo-peep-Alley*.

A large Cater-Corner'd Room to be Let in *Skew-waw-Square*, near the Fag-End of *Old-Street*, fit for either *Muſick-Houſe* or *Conventicle*. Enquire at Madam *Strechbelly*'s, half *Bawd*, half *Midwife*, at the Sign of the *Cradle*, in *Firking-Court*, and you may know further.

If any Unfortunate Gentlewoman that has neither *Wit*, *Beauty*, *Breeding*, *Honeſty*, or *Portion*, is deſirous of entring into the *State of Matrimony*, let her repair the next Sunſhiny Morning into the *Queens-Bench-Walks*, in the *Temple*, and there ſhe may meet with her Match, but if by any Accident ſhe ſhould be diſappointed, let her enquire at the *Rakes-Rendezvouz*, in *Pegaſus-Court*, and ſhe will certainly be furniſhed with great Choice of *Ubiquitarian Husbands*.

FINIS.

B L